

don't tease me, my heart is fragile by majorbootyass

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, M/M, bill vc: god i hate gays, eddie has curly hair i don't give a fuck what muschietti says, eddie kaspbrak wears booty shorts, even though he's gay too it's true, richie doesn't mention it bc it's not relevant to his story but it's true, some nasty ass eating habits

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Summary:

It simply did not make sense. In no universe did the cute guy with the curly hair and the brown doe eyes and the freckles, the guy who was way out of Richie's league, by the way, the guy Richie had been pining over for the better part of two months, with his deadly little booty shorts and his truly fatal comebacks, want Richie back. It just didn't happen.

And yet...

don't tease me, my heart is fragile

Author's Note:

i originally wrote this for a sentence starters meme on [my tumblr](#) (prompt: "all i do is drink coffee and say bad words", thank you to the beautiful and talented miss jane ([billdenbrough](#) on tumblr)) but since it kinda got out of hand i decided to post it on here too, but even this, what i think of as the abridged version, i had to shorten, so i might end up writing a full-length fic on this idea. think of this as a first draft ig... or AU to the AU i haven't written yet

The first time Richie saw him, he almost tore someone's head off over the 'abysmal, completely fucking repulsive' state they had left the kitchen in. It was two plates, a stick of butter, and a pan left out on the counter.

He was loud, brown-eyed, and 5'7" (at most) worth of curly-haired indignation and health facts. He was sporting a worn out band tee that was practically drowning him, sweatpants with one leg rolled up to above his knee, no socks (or shoes), and a rather impressive bedhead, none of which gave him pause for even a second when ripping into the other guy at 7.15 on a Saturday morning. Richie hadn't been able to look away.

(or stop thinking about it for days following the incident; that guy sure had been something to contend with)

The second time Richie saw him, it was his only morning class of the week (or the month, if you counted how often he actually attended. Richie didn't), a Thursday. He had stopped in the doorway into the dining hall, looking as wrecked - if not more - as the first time Richie saw him, saw what Richie had chosen to eat his cereal with instead of milk (orange juice), said 'nope' loudly, and turned right the fuck back around.

Bill, who had been passed out in the seat next to Richie's, lifted his head just in time to see someone leaving faster than if someone had

bit him in the ass.

“What happened?” He had asked, and Richie shook his head slowly. To be frank, he hardly heard what Bill had said, his brain lagging, eyes glued to the spot that had been occupied by the fluffiest hair he’d ever seen just a few seconds prior.

(he couldn’t answer Bill even if he tried, his heart was beating too fast and his throat was too dry, and he was starting to feel dread settling at the bottom of his stomach)

The third time Richie saw him, he had gotten up early on a Friday, for no particular reason at all. Just like that. Naturally.

And he had walked down to the dining hall at 7.05 am, naturally, made his coffee and eggs and gross cereal, sitting down in the seat with the best vantage point, naturally. Because that was natural for him.

When he arrived, Richie watched him stumble into three tables before making it to the kitchen, hand shielding his already mostly closed eyes, and punch one of the fridges after walking headfirst into it. Then Richie watched him take out half a boiled egg, dish out a spoonful of mayonnaise onto it, eat half with his eyes closed, then chug half a carton of milk *from the carton*, put the carton back in the fridge, and take out a block of cheese before closing it.

Richie was getting the impression that maybe mornings weren’t this guy’s deal either.

His eyes caught Richie’s as he walked out the kitchen, half-eaten mayonnaise-y egg and whole ass block of cheese in hand. Before Richie realized what was happening it was way too late to pretend he hadn’t been staring.

For a while he just stared too, swaying on his feet, before his eyes flicked over to Richie’s breakfast and the perplexed crease between his brows turned into one of anger and disgust, and, as he continued on his way out of the dining hall, he pushed Richie’s bottle of orange juice over.

(a jolt went through Richie, his face burning, and he felt the beginnings of a desire to find out who this guy was prickling at the back of his neck. he didn't like what was happening at all)

—

His name was Eddie.

This is something Richie found out the fourth time he saw him, while picking Bill up from his noon class for Friday lunch (buying a shitty baguette each at the cafeteria and getting high on the hill behind the art building), almost falling and cracking his head open on the edge of a desk at the sight that met his eyes upon entering the lecture hall.

Because. There he was, a way down. Talking. To a guy.

Talking to a guy that was Bill.

And then he was turning away from Bill. Shrugging his bag onto his shoulder. Gesturing over his shoulder, something that may or may not have been a wave.

He was going to *walk towards the exit!*

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck *fuck fuck fuck-*

Richie's brain jumped out the nearest window at the same time Richie dove under the nearest desk. He hit his head on a table leg, swore loudly, swore *a lot*. Got discovered, naturally.

Not his proudest moment, truth be told.

“You're that orange juice and cereal guy, right?”

Richie felt one thing and one thing only wash over him. Fear.

That was not Bill's voice. Bill wouldn't ask him who he was, anyway. Bill knew very well who he was. No, this was the voice that had endeared him so when hearing it cussing someone out for being mildly unsanitary. This was the voice that had directed nothing but the word 'nope' at him specifically, yet still managed to accelerate his

heart-rate to speeds before unknown to Richie, still managed to make the room's temperature rise by dangerous amounts.

Or maybe that was just Richie's body temperature. Who knew.

Richie opened his eyes, slowly, and oh *fuck*. From his vantage point down on the floor, this mystery orange plus cheerios hater looked like an angel, a brown-haired, brown-eyed, freckled 5'7" (or shorter) angel that looked...

Hm. What was that emotion? Anger? Concern? Discontentment? Amusement?

Boredom?

Fuck, Richie hoped it wasn't boredom.

"Yep, that's me," he answered finally, and *holy fuck was that his voice?* He couldn't actually sound that out of breath, right?

The guy nodded, and stood there in silence for a moment, eyeing Richie - what *was* that look? - before shaking his head, and picking his bag up off the seat in front of him, before-

"You're so fucking weird, dude."

And then he was gone. But he had-

He had *laughed*. Chuckled, really. Which meant he...

He didn't think Richie was boring. Might have thought he was funny even.

Bill found him still laying there, eyes sparkling with something Bill had never seen on Richie before, grinning goofily up at the desk above him, no doubt covered in chewed-up gum as old as the school itself.

"What the f-f-fuck, Rich?"

"Bill!" Richie shot right up upon hearing the sound of Bill's voice, the memories of the past ten years and growing too tall to even fit

underneath a desk at all let alone comfortably evidently escaping him for the moment, or else he might not have hit the edge of the desk with his forehead. He didn't seem too bothered about it though. "Ow. Bill! Bill are you listening?!"

"Yes, Richie, what the fuck?"

"Bill, you *have* to tell me who that fucking guy was."

—

The next time Richie saw him, it wasn't Richie who saw Eddie at all. It was, in fact, Eddie who saw Richie. He sat down opposite Richie, wearing an over-sized hoodie, bottoms that could only be described as booty shorts, and flip flops, and simply asked (demanded) Richie to pass his orange juice. Richie, brain still stuck in the past, in the moment he had noticed the shorts, pushed it towards him wordlessly, to which Eddie uttered 'thanks', and, without missing a beat, started rambling about how much he hated his professor, his car issues, and his friend Ben's idiotic lady drama, stopping from time to time to make his disgust at Richie's food choices unequivocally clear.

(and Richie was gone, he was so gone, even trying to convince himself otherwise was useless at this point)

—

"You are so stupid, the dumbest person I've ever met in the entire world, you know that? You're so dumb, every time I talk to you I can just feel my braincells *leaking out*. You are making *me* dumber, that's how stupid you are, asshole. Your own *mother*."

"Yeah your mother's hot too, what's the problem, spaghetti?"

"The problem? THE *PROB*- don't fucking call me that Richie, I swear to God - the *PROBLEM!!!* Unbelievable. The problem is, *Richie*, this. This right here."

"I don't see a problem."

"YOU DON'T SEE A- Richie, I am going to kill you. I hate this. I hate you. I hate you so fucking much. Who the *FUCK* packs a dishwasher

like this? You're such an asshole, for fuck's sake... Now *I* have to do it."

"*Please*, do go ahead, Eds," Eddie held his middle finger up at Richie, and Richie, cackling, leaned back on the counter behind him as Eddie started taking out plates, muttering under his breath the entire time.

For the past month, this had been routine. Eddie and Richie woke up (early, way too early for either of their likings, so why they continued to do so was beyond Richie), met in the dining hall or the stairwell, argued, ate breakfast, argued, cleaned up after themselves, argued. Sometimes, Bill would join them too, but he wouldn't contribute much apart from falling asleep while eating and telling the other two to shut up once in a while.

To anyone observing from the outside, they looked simply like an old married couple (as well as the two most obnoxious fuckers in the building, but that was besides the point). To Bill... Bill didn't give a fuck about what was happening there, he just knew it was too early for it to be happening. To Richie...

Well. That thought would have to wait. Because when Richie had suggested Eddie repack the dishwasher, he didn't really think about... well. He didn't really *think*.

Because *Eddie*, well. Eddie was wearing those *ridiculous* fucking shorts, the ones Eddie insisted were not booty shorts even though they fucking *were*, the ones he owned multiple pairs of in *various* colors, the ones that showed his ass in just the tastiest of ways when Eddie leaned over the dishwasher.

And Richie? He put himself in a position where had no choice but to look on. Just sip his coffee and ponder the nice, shapely curves of Eddie's ass...

Nope. Wasn't happening.

Richie must have made some kind of noise because before he'd even had the time to turn away Eddie was straightening up (which did *wonders* for Richie's heart-rate) and turning in Richie's direction. There was a look on his face that Richie did not like, did not like at

all.

“You okay there, Rich?”

Richie did not know how to answer that question.

“You’re looking a little red. Are you sick?” Eddie took a step forward, an absolutely evil smile on his face. “Got a fever, maybe?”

Richie was going to kill him. Just straight up murder him. “I’m fine.”

“You sure about that?” Richie avoided Eddie’s gaze as if he were going to explode on sight if he met it. Eddie was too close, close enough that Richie could feel his breath on his face, close enough that he could do something stupid if he really wanted to. It was simply put, too much to handle.

“You forgot to turn the dishwasher on.” Richie informed, deflecting, stepping around Eddie carefully, not trusting himself to even brush shoulders with him at the moment. He reached into the cabinet under the sink and pulled out a box of dishwasher capsules, ignoring the fact that Eddie hadn’t finished repacking the dishwasher yet.

“You ever going to ask me out?”

Richie’s brain short-circuited, and he dropped the box of capsules. His coffee would have gone too, if he hadn’t regained his senses in just the right moment and placed the hand previously holding the capsules on the cup, steadying it. He turned and gaped at Eddie, mouth falling open in disbelief.

Had Eddie really just said that? Had *those words* really come out of *Eddie’s mouth*? And they were directed at him, Richie? Richie “Trashmouth, has never known when to shut up for a God damned second in his life” Tozier? Richie *Tozier*? Not another Richie? Him?

“But all I do is drink coffee and say bad words.”

“Oh I am very well aware of that fact.”

“And you want *me* to ask *you* out?” Richie reiterated.

“Yes.”

It simply did not make sense. In no universe did the cute guy with the curly hair and the brown doe eyes and the freckles, the guy who was *way* out of Richie’s league, by the way, the guy Richie had been pining over for the better part of two months, with his deadly little booty shorts and his truly fatal comebacks, want Richie back. It just didn’t happen.

And yet...

Eddie looked so confident. So sure of himself. The question in the raise of his eyebrows, the tilt of his lips, the way he was almost brushing Richie’s elbow with his fingertips. It was driving Richie off the edge. Erasing absolutely all rational thought. It was a wasteland up there, in his brain, nothing but TV static and *Eddie, Eddie, Eddie*.

Which is why he simply had no choice but to say something stupid.

“Why does it have to be me and not you? Why can’t *you* ask *me* out?”

“I don’t know if your old man memory is too shit to remember, but *I* was the one who spoke to you first, I took the first step. *I* am the only reason we’re talking right now.” It was possible that Richie might have had an answer for that, but it was in that moment Eddie chose to place a hand on his chest, and all attempts at a thought went flushing out again. “I can’t be the one doing all the work in this relationship, Richie.”

“You,” Richie’s brain stuttered and came to a stop at the word ‘relationship’. Maybe if Eddie stopped biting his lip and smiling like that he’d be able to get a coherent sentence out, but why should Richie get to be a functioning human being, right?

“So, you ever gonna ask me or not?”

“Yes.”

“Good,” Eddie patted Richie’s chest before taking his hand away, (Richie felt a horrifying urge to whimper at the loss, the place Eddie’s hand had just been burning up), only to run it through a few of Richie’s curls. He stayed there for a second, and Richie thought he

saw his composure slipping away. His eyes started drifting away, somewhere Richie was desperate to follow, wherever it was, and Richie was *this* close to reaching in...

But then Eddie was gone, over by the dishwasher again. Just like that, he and his fuckass booty shorts were gone, placing cups with a neatness Richie wouldn't be able to achieve even on his best day, and Richie...

(Richie needed to take a nap)